

The famous Ratcatcher, with his trauels

into France, and of his returne to London.

To the tune of the iouiall Tinker.



There was a rare Rat-catcher,
Did about the Country wander,
The soundest blade of all his trade,
Or I should him deeply slander:
For still would he cry, a Rat tat tat,
tara rat, euer:

To catch a Mouse, or to carouse,
such a Ratter I saw neuer.

Upon a Poole he carryed
Full fourty fullsome Hermine:
Whose cursed lines without any Knives,
To take he did determine.

And still would he cry, a Rat tat tat,
tara Rat, euer, &c.

His talke was all of India,
The Cloage and the Hauie:
What Pile of Rattes, or wild Polcats:
What Stoares of Werrels haue peer:
And still would he cry, a Rat, &c.

He knew the Rat of India,
That makes the Paggie stagger:
The Mercuries, and Cantharies,
With Arfnicke, and Roseaker.
And still would he cry, a Rat, &c.

Full often with a Negro,
The Juice of Poppies drinke hee:
Cate Poppon franke with a Poundbanke,
And Spiders with a Monkie.
And still would he cry, a Rat, &c.

In London he was well knowne:
In many a Rately Poole
Or by a Dog, whose mouth was late,
Or by a Water and Poole.

And still would he cry, a Rat, &c.

But ou a time, a Damocill,
did him so late intice,
That for her, a Baite he layd straight,
would kill no Rats any more.
And still would he cry, a Rat, &c.

And on the Baite she nibbled,
so pleasing in her taste,
She lieth so long, that the Poppon strong,
did make her swell & thicke.
And still would he cry, a Rat, &c.

He chafely this perceiving,
to the Country straight doth hee him:
Where by his skill, he popponeth still,
such Hermine as come nie him.
And still would he cry, a Rat, &c.

He neuer careth whether
he be sober, lame, or tipsie:
He can Collogue with any Rogue,
and Cant with any Stipsie.
And still would he cry, a Rat, &c.

He was so houe a botcher,
that it was doubtfull whether
He taught the Rats, or the Rats taught him
to be drunche as Rats, together.
And still would he cry, a Rat, &c.

When he had tript this Yland,
from Brislow into Dover,
With painefull Bagge and painefull Flagg,
to France he lopten our.
Yet still would he cry, a Rat tat tat,
tara rat, euer, &c.

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To take he did determine.

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The Cloage and the Hauie:
What Pile of Rattes, or wild Polcats:
What Stoares of Werrels haue pee:
And still would he cry, a Rat, &c.

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The Mercuries, and Cantharies,
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The Juice of Poppies drunke hee:
Cate Poppon franke with a Poundbanke,
And Spiders with a Monkie.
And still would he cry, a Rat, &c.

In London he was well knowne:
In many a Rately Poole
Or by a Doyler, whose drunke late,
Cate still with Water and Poole.

And still would he cry, a Rat, &c.

But ou a time, a Damocill,
did him so late intice,
That for her, a Baite he layd straight,
would kill no Rats any more.
And still would he cry, a Rat, &c.

And on the Baite she nibled,
so pleasing in her taste,
She lieth so long, that the Poppon strong,
did make her swell & th waste.
And still would he cry, a Rat, &c.

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to the Country straight doth hee him:
Where by his skill, he popponeth still,
such Hermine as coure nie him.
And still would he cry, a Rat, &c.

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he be sober, lame, or tipsie:
He can Collogue with any Rogue,
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He taught the Rats, or the Rats taught him
to be drunke as Rats, together.
And still would he cry, a Rat, &c.

When he had tript this Yland,
from Brislow into Dover,
With painefull Bagge and painted Flagger,
to France he lopten ouer.
Yet still would he cry, a Rat tat tat,
tara rat, euer, &c.

The Ratcheters returne out of France

to London.

To the same tune.



In France when he arrived,
the heat so much perplext him,
That all his Pouch did swell so much,
and Poplon so had vext him.
That scarce could he cry, a Rat tat tat.
tara Rat, ever:
To catch a Mouse, or to carouse,
Such a Ratter I saw neuer.

At last, as was common,
must be anothers ayding:
So did this Ratter, tell the matter
to another of's owne trading.
And then did he cry, a Rat tat tat. &c.

Who hving many Wimples,
to quench his fiery burning:
Did make him dounce cleane out of France,
And home bee's now returning.
And still doth he cry, a Rat, &c.

At Dover he arrived,
and Kent hath had his cunning:
The Wapens Lappen like poploned Ratten
repent his backe-home coming.
For still doth he cry, a Rat, &c.

At Grauefend amongst the Wapens,
Greene Armes reign'd so highly,
None could have cure, but such as sure
would take his Wapens chieflie.
And still doth he cry, a Rat, &c.

The Shipps wherein he layd,
ere he on Shore arrivd,
Reports him that he kills a Ratter,
that nece will be requir'd.
And still doth he cry, a Rat, &c.

And to the Fayre in Smithfield,
he now is gon and paced:
To search with Hole for the Rat-knawne hole
that him so much outfaced.
And still doth he cry, a Rat, &c.

Wots to the Tipling houses,
to kill the Uermine feattly:
French Rats and Spice all in a trice,
he will destroy full neatly.
And still doth he cry, a Rat, &c.

An ugly Wench to see-to,
whose Hole was knowne with Uermine,
The Ratter to kill, that did her ill,
to use him doth determine.
And still doth he cry, a Rat, &c.

If any other Wapens,
or Female kind, will use him,
Come call him quicke, for with a strike
hee's gone, if you refuse him.
And still doth he cry, a Rat, &c.

To Sturbridge Fayre his journey
is plott'd, and appoynted:
Approch with speed, you that have need
with Poplon to be moynted.
And still doth he cry, a Rat, &c.

When backe he cometh home-ward,
where he has flagg'd deposed
With Spice and Rattes, and with poulters,
if you will be acquainted,
And heere him to cry, a Rat tat tat,
tara Rat, ever:
To catch a Mouse, or to carouse,
such a Ratter I saw neuer.

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Imprinted at London for Iohn Trundle and are to be sold
at the signe of the No-body in Barbican.